

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

# **george, the beagle**

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## george, the beagle by justheretoreadgayporn (thesobernone)

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**Summary:**

The one where Bev and Richie live together. She gets them Bon Jovi tickets. The show is in New York. They have a dog. They don't have anyone to leave the dog with. They meet another group of people who were also going to the concert in New York. One of the people from this group, Eddie, doesn't like shows and is only coming along because he likes New York. He will stay at the hotel while everyone is going to the show. He offers himself to take care of the dog. Richie falls in love with him. Eddie starts taking care of the dog and Richie.

# 1. why aren't you laughing?

## Author's Note:

Introduction

Hey guys. I'm new here.

This is my first fanfiction on the site and also my first Reddie work, so if I messed up I'm apologizing already.

My first language is not English and I'm more than 100 percent sure that I have a lot of grammatical mistakes going on. If you want, you can point them out for me at the comment section, and I will try my best to fix all of them.

I don't know how long this is gonna be, but I have at least 15 chapters in mind, so...

I don't have an update schedule. I guess it depends on the feedback I'm having or my free time.

If someone feels like helping me out and want to be my beta, I would really appreciate :)

Enjoy it xx

Was the sound that woke Richie up. That disgusting sound he was unfortunately used to waking up with. I mean, how bad it was to wake up to the sound of your fucking dog licking his ball sacks? As if it wasn't bad enough the fact that the sound was coming right next to

him, close to his bed, like it was trying to wake him on purpose, his dog thought it was a good idea to lick his face right after.

"Fuck!" Richie groaned, startled, immediately cleaning his right cheek with his palm.

His dog, a really tiny beagle with a king complex, wiggled his tail and groaned too, thinking that the upset sound coming from his owner was a clue to start a fight. He climbed completely on top of Richie, his little paws stepping on his bare stomach, trying to claw on his face.

"Stop it!" Richie chuckled at his dog stupid attempt to get him. He grabbed his little body with one hand and putted him on the floor, using his long legs to keep the dog from climbing back up. "You're small. Deal with it, spawn of Satan."

Richie got up, ignoring the dog's little offended growls. He stretched his back and grabbed his bottle glasses from the desk next to his bed, putting on them while heading to the bathroom. He closed the door on his dog face. He certainly didn't want to take a piss in front of George. After emptying his bladder, he brushed his teeth while trying to sing "Paradise City" with a mouth full of pink toothpaste dripping his chin.

A couple of minutes, and he was done in the bathroom, searching through his messy as hell closet, praying he would find a clean shirt. He had forgotten to do the laundry and Beverly told him last month that until he learned to be more responsible, she wouldn't be doing any chore for him anymore. As a result, he was stuck with a decent smelling jeans and a Led Zeppelin's shirt that smelled like cigarrets, sweat and Old Spice cologne. He trowed a dark denim jacket on his shoulders and grabbed his school bag.

George was laying on the floor, in front of the bedroom's door, his tail wiggling while he waited for Richie to go downstairs to feed him breakfast.

"C'Mon, you little devil." Richie called and George quickly got up, shaking his bum all the way down to the kitchen, always trotting in front of Richie, never behind.

While passing by the living room, Richie saw a blue bra laying on the couch. George saw it too because he didn't stop running until he had the bra on his mouth, happily chewing on the blue cetim lace.

"Give me that, you fucking moron..." Richie scowled and grabbed the bra from the dog's mouth. George, however, didn't seem much interested on giving it back, so he fought against Richie, biting hard on the bra, refusing to let go. "That's not yours, we talked about it! If you want to wear girls chotles it's fine, I won't stop you, but we will buy you them not steal it!"

The dog still didn't let go, clearly defying his owner, so Richie got another idea.

"Okay, love." He said, walking to the kitchen, leaving his dog on the couch with the bra on his drooling mouth, looking very confused.

"If that's how you wanna play it, that's fine. Look what I got here." He took a frozen chicken from the freezer and waved in his dogs direction.

George was jumping on his knees in a matter of seconds, leaving the sooked bra on the floor. Richie grabbed the bra quickly with one hand and putted the chicken back in the freezer with the other.

"I'm so smart." He praised himself with a smirk, while George started barking clearly finding it unfair how things turned out.

"Not really." A voice coming from the living room teased, holding a laugh.

Richie turned around to face Bev. She was standing with her hands on her hips, looking very amused with the situation. George quickly run to her and started nipping her knees. She scooped him in her arms, holding him in a safe distance, so he couldn't lick too much her face.

"You raised him so badly". She said with a playful tone. Her bright red hair was in a loose pony tail, and she was wearing jeans like him and a long sleeved black shirt.

"I raised him badly?" Richie sounded completed offended by that,

pointing at himself dramatically with his finger. "Fucking me?"

"Yeah." Bev snorted as George started biting her necklace. "He's just like you."

"Than he's more than fine." Richie said with a smirk. He grabbed George's red bowl and poured his dog food before filling his blue bowl with fresh water. The dog struggled to get off Bev's arms and attacked his food.

"I don't know why are you looking so fucking disgustingly sappy when my dog just made a pool of drool out of your bra. Your morning must have been fucking shitty if the highlight of your day was George spit." He told Bev, taking a pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket. "Plus, it's Monday and school's hell's gates are being held open just for our devilish presence, so don't look so happy, or they will not let you in."

"Don't be an asshole, Tozier." Bev rolled her eyes and stole a cigarette from him. He gave her a bored look. "I mean, that's impossible. So just don't be an asshole right now."

"Well, why the fuck not?" He asked, lighting up his cigarette and taking a deep breath. The nicotine smell on his shirt was faint, but he surely knew the one on his mouth was pretty strong even mixed up with the toothpaste scent.

"Because I just got two fucking tickets for Bon Jovi." Bev beamed, stolng Richie's lighter with shaking fingers of execiment. "My boss got them for her sons, but they won't make it because they have to be at some fancy ass party. So she gave me them!"

"Hold the fuck up." Richie closed his eyes, holding a hand to his chest, pretending he's painting. "Where is it? Because it's more than obvious that Bon Jovi it's not making a fucking show here, at this shitty town we live."

"It's in New York, you dumb ass." Bev slapped his arm. "I just got a fucking ticked to Bon Jovi's concert, stop joking around for a second!"

"Want me to be serious? I'll be serious." Richie smiled from ear to ear.

Then looked down at George who was chasing a fly. "We're taking the fucking dog with us."

"Of course we are!" Bev agreed, sarcastically.

"Are you serious?" Richie asked, stunned.

"Wait, are you serious?" Bev's eyes widened at the question. She didn't think he was serious, but then again it was Richie after all.

"Yes. I mean, I wasn't, it was a joke but now that I'm actually thinking about it, where do we gonna leave George?" Richie said, scratching the back of his head. "George is Satan! No one will take him."

"Mike?" Bev suggested. Richie thought about it. Mike could easily put up with George's shit because he always put it with Richie's own shit. It wasn't a bad idea after all.

"We can ask him today at school, to which we are so fucking late for." Richie said, grabbing his bag. "Where were you by the way this morning?"

Bev giggled.

"I was around. As always." She said taking her red bag that was lying on the couch.

"You always around." He teased, closing the front door. "If you spend the night out, what was your bra doing on the couch?"

"It was really late last night and I couldn't decide if I would go with or without my bra on." Bev said, checkly. "I decided to go without it, in case you haven't put the pieces yet."

Richie elbowed her playfully, while he opened the door of his car for her to get in. She showed him her middle finger and climbed up.

They lived in a okay neighborhood. It wasn't nothing fancy or such, but it was fine. Of course, it had bad people and wasn't exactly pretty, but to them, who the bad people knew, it was safe, and they don't exactly minded how it looked. Cats often appeared inside their house and the grass in the front could be trimmered better, but it was

home. Since Richie has turned sixteen, he had been living with Bev on the little house down the pharmacy street. They both make together just the enough money for the rent, bills, food and a couple of drinks, occasionally, on weekends. Bev worked as a hairdresser and Richie had two jobs; one at a vinyl store and other as a bartender at one of the most popular clubs in the downtown. Sometimes Richie babysitted his neighbor daughter for a couple of extra bucks, but he will die before admitted to anyone. Bev's auntie sometimes sent her some money, so it helped them a little when things got tight.

Richie and Bev met at the park when they were fifteen. The park was a regular place where Dom, known as the guy who sell them cigarettes at the time, made his business spot. They were both after some good Marlboro when they ended up in an argument about who would keep the last package of them Dom had. Bev won. Richie looked pissed, so she shared the cigarrets with him. They quickly befriended after that, specially when they found out that they frequented the same school.

"People are staring." Bev snorted when Richie parked the car in front of school. She was right. People were staring. Jocks and cheerleaders usually didn't pay a lot of attention to them, but pretty much the rest of the entire school was shooting at least a little glance at their direction. It was not the car; Richie knew for sure. A lot of them had cars so it wasn't a big deal having one.

"Yeah, they are." Richie rolled his eyes, slightly annoyed. "They can't help it. We are hot like hell."

"I'm not sure if that's the case." Bev said, looking around as soon she got out of the car. Richie quickly went to her side. "Maybe it has something to do with the prank you pulled on the principal last week. Maybe they found out. You're are so screwed."

"Please." Richie replied, cocky, a smirk never leaving his face. "Nobody has a fucking clue. I'm clever as fuck, I'm sure you are well aware of that by now, otherwise you wouldn't hang out with me."

"Oh, I hang out with you? I thought you hanged out with me." Bev grinned.



"What difference does it fucking makes?" Richie said, taking another cigarette from his jacket pocket.

Bev looked at him, concerned.

"That's your third." She commented, trying to sound normal.

"You smoked two." He pointed out, with the already lighted cigarette between his lips, taking a deep smoke.

"I know, but we have to get to class." She said, grabbing his hand.

Richie closed his eyes.

"I'm fully aware of that, Bev. Fucking history. I hate it." He sighed, looking pained.

"Oh, please. If it was it for you, you'd only have Math and English." Bev chuckled and snagged Richie's cigarette, throwing it on the floor, quickly stepping on it.

"Because that's the good shit." He answered, like it was obvious, then stopped for a moment. "Did you just trowed my smoke away?"

"I can't believe you just called Math good shit." Bev looked scandalized, eyes huge. Then she sighed. "And yes, I did. I'm trying to prevent you from being expelled. You can thank me latter."

Richie licked his lips, looking into her blue eyes.

"Or I can thank you now." He made a move, grabbing her waist in a tight grip.

"You're disgusting!" Bev exclaimed bewildered, while laughing. She punched him in the arm, hard, making him let her go.

"I was flirting!" Richie lifted his arms in exasperation, looking hurt. "You don't like my flirting?"

"No, I don't. You're like my brother, your flirting grosses me out." She said making puke noises. "Honestly, I don't know why I even bother answering you because I know you're just as serious as when you

apologized to Mrs. Hathaway yesterday."

"I was truly sorry!" Richie protested, dragging Bev with him to the hallway. People stared at them inside school too and Richie really thought that the reason behind it was that he was seriously hot. "Hurry up, Marsh, or we gonna miss first period."

"Here." Bev took a blue gum from her pocket and shoved to him. "So people can be spared from your breath."

"I brushed my teeth!" Richie exclaimed, opening his mouth. "Look!"

"I can't see a damn thing, you dumb fuck." She shoved the gum in his mouth, making Richie choke on it and grab his throw.

"Oh my God!" He screamed and started coughing, drawing people attention towards them. "Are you trying to kill me?!"

"With a gum? Hardly." Bev snarled, clearly finding it amusing the fact Richie managed to choke on the gum.

"Maybe not a gum, but a fucking gun can put me down good." He laughed at his own pun.

"Ha ha." Bev said, opening her locker.

"Why are you so mean to me?" He whined opening his locker as well, snatching his History book, and a pen.

"Cut it out the drama, Tozier." She said, looking in the crown of students passing by the hall, and frowned. "Can you manage that?"

"Did you just said menage?" He asked, pretending to be horrified.

"You're not funny." Bev rolled her eyes, still searching the crowd.

"Who are you looking for, anyway?" Richie asked, starting to search in the crowd as well, even though he had no idea who they are searching for.

"Mike." Bev stated. She looked disappointed. "You're dumb sometimes."

"I'm not dumb." Richie childish complained, but didn't add anything further.

"I sometimes said." Bev corrected him, then smirked. "Well, most of the time, anyway."

"Shut the fuck up." Richie groaned.

"I got get to class. We will look for Mike at lunch." She said with the books oh her arms, and headed to her first period class, Math. Uh, Richie was jealous. He wished his class was Math as well.

The very first thing his History teacher, Mrs. Gomez, said when set a toe on the classroom was that he was late.

"I know." Richie told her, smiling innocently, while walking lazily to the last row of desks, sitting next to a girl who looked seriously like a clown with all her make up. Her business, he though. Although he often made fun of people, he didn't judge.

Mrs. Gomez didn't even bother herself to give him a warning or such. Just told him to be quiet, so she could continue her class.

Richie nodded and got his book, placing his notebook on top of it. He grabbed his pen and started to write down quotes from movies he liked, ignoring completely the currently class that was going on. It was his last year, and he had good grades, in most of the subjects, so he knew he could afford not to pay attention in a few stupid History classes. His English teacher told him he writes very well, and he could easily make a carrier out of it. Even though Richie didn't like much to read, only reading a couple of books per year, because he couldn't sit still for much time, he loved to write and was always with a pen in hands. He had his red notebook where he used for everything. Bits of songs, quotes from movies, random thoughts he had that he finds it funny, things he didn't want to forget and, mostly, short stories about his dog, George. Since real stories about his dog barking at a plant, like last month, to fantasies stories about how his dog was an alien with an important mission given by his alien superiors; finding the function of a birthday cake. He doesn't have a clue to which college he will apply to, but he's sure that is going to be one that can appreciate his humor.

The classes pass like a blur to him, loud voices and stupid conversations. When the lunch bell ringed, he gathered his things and got up, stretching his back. He sometimes felt like an old guy due the fact he was stretching when he got up.

His lunch tray consisted in three pizza slices, soda and well, no napkins. He had forgotten them and was too much of a lazy to got back to get them.

He looked around, looking to either Mike or Bev.

Richie found them sitting together in a table next a wall. With three people he never saw in his life.

Mike looked good as always, with his jock clothes, broad shoulders and bright smile. Sitting next to him was a guy with blue eyes, dorky smile and brown hair. He was looking at Bev like she was the sun and Richie didn't know how he felt about it. Next to Bev was a curly haired guy, curlier than even Richie, with a Jewish hat. The guy was talking to a blonde guy, but the blonde seemed more interested in Bev. Richie found it funny Bev having two guys drooling on their chins for her.

"You guys planning an orgy or something?" Richie casually asked, pulling a chair and sitting next to the blond guy, placing his tray on the desk. "Because I'm bisexual, so if you guys invite me too, I'll pay the same amount of attention to all of you." He winked.

The blue-eyed who was looking at Bev like she was his world gasped.

"W-w-what do y-you m-mean?" He stuttered and Richie realized it wasn't because he was nervous.

"I meant what I said." Richie winked at the blonde direction and the boy blushed. "Who the fuck are you people?"

Mike rolled his eyes and glared at Richie. "Stop being rude."

"I'm just asking a question!" Richie protested loudly, while chewing messily on his pizza.

"Beep beep, Richie." Bev said calmly, her darted gaze traveled behind

Richie.

Richie, being the nosy and curious person he was, turned around to see what Bev was staring.

Turns out it wasn't a what but who she was looking at. It was a really small boy, maybe 5'4 tops, with Bambi brown eyes and soft dark brown hair. He was wearing a salmon sweater that matched his tanned skin and his white shoes were impeccable. He was delicately holding his tray who had a sandwich and an apple with some orange juice on top of it. He looked soft. Richie didn't know he liked soft until now. He liked even more when the boy sat next to him.

## 2. the pretty boy with the salmon sweater and the bitchy attitude

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hey guys

Thank you so much for all the kudos and comments first of all! They really motivated me to write the next chapter asap!

I'm trying to fix all my grammar mistakes, and I think I found me a beta, so the mistakes won't be here for long

I wanted to clear a few things out, like the fact that Richie's humor is much more darker here and Eddie does have a really bitch attitude and is spoiled a lot by his group of friends, so yes a little bit ooc (think of him like an icy queen) haha

Also they usually don't make fun of Eddie's hyponcondriac condition bc I wanted that way lol

### Chapter 2

"Wow. You're fucking cute. And hot." Richie blurted, looking dazzled, when the new guy wasn't even settled on the table yet. Bev slapped him on the arm, hard. "Ow!"

"Why can't you have some manners?" She retailed angrily, then turned to Bill, a sweet smile on her lips. "I can't take him anywhere, I swear."

The cute looking boy seemed startled, painting a little, his hands curling tight in his lap nervously. Then, his rosy lips twisted, making he look angry. "W-what kind of asshole says something like that to someone they never saw before? That's not even blunt, it's just pure rudeness, honestly!" He said, then blushed violently.

Richie gasped, looking stunned in front of the kid's outburst. The kid had no confidence at all when he started talking, but by the end of the sentence his voice was firm, and his eyes were still soft, which made Richie squirms in his seat, feeling hot.

"Eddie, calm down." The blonde guy said, finally driving apart his gaze on Bev, who's eyes still shot daggers to Richie, trying to shut him up. Waste of time.

"Y-you are c-cute, Ed-die." The blue-eyed boy said to his apparently friend, a smile never leaving his face. "People notice that, too."

"No!" Eddie still complained, not backing down from his stiff pose. "I'm sure he's fucking with me."

"No, not yet, gorgeous." Richie said, face lighted up with adoration, trying to reach Eddie's chair to put a arm around it. "But I'm not making fun of you, I promise. You're truly cute."

"Mike!" Eddie whistled, looking haunted. His cheeks were getting redder and redder by each sentence that came out of Richie's smart mouth. "He's flirting with me! Make him stop, he's embarrassing me!"

"Richie." Mike stated, looking to his inconvenient friend tiredly. "Stop embarrassing Eddie. It's the first time I brought my two group of friends together, so be nice." Then he turned around to face Eddie as well. "Eddie, stop making a scene. You're the cutest person ever."

Everyone burst in a loud laugh because of Eddie's shocked face, the little boys mouth hanging open and his eyebrows frowned at Mike, clearly pissed at his humor attempt. The boy with a Jewish hat patted him on the shoulder, trying to comfort him even though he was laughing his ass off like everybody else. Bev was shaking her head with a smirk hanging on her lips, then mouthed "you're an asshole" to Richie who shuddered, didn't seem worried at all.

"I'm Stan." The boy with the Jewish hat said, offering Richie his hand. "Since no one bothered to introduce me, I will do it myself."

"I'm Ben." The blond guy said but waved at Richie instead of offering

his hand like Stan did. "This is Bill." He pointed to the blue-eyed boy next to him.

"My name is Richie!" He quickly introduced himself, then winked at Eddie. "But you can call me anything you like."

"Uh." Eddie whimpered, closing his eyes.

"Can I pet your hair?" Richie asked straightforwardly, already lifting his right hand in the boy's head direction. He couldn't help it. Eddie's hair looked really soft and Richie was dying to feel it, even if the boy slapped his hand away, would it be worth for sure.

"I'm not a dog for you to pet." The boy replied, sounding genuinely annoyed now. He bit his sandwich, chewing calmly and swallowed before adding in a surprising polite tone: "Go pet your mom."

"Oh! Didn't see that coming." Stan cheered shortly and took a book from his bag then opened it, and begun reading like nothing was happening. He made an grumpy sound when he saw that his book had watermarks and started strongly rubbing on it.

"I did." Mike said, shaking his head. He was also eating pizza today. Cheese, instead of pepperoni like Richie. "Richie is pushing him bad." He knew it Richie very well so as a result he also knew he was a step before of making Eddie lost his cool. Mike was looking forward to it because he always wondered what was like putting Eddie, his little cute germophobic and easily triggered friend, in contrast with Richie, his loud degenerate and shameless pal. He was sure Eddie would slap Richie in the face until the end of the week.

"Could you guys stop talking like I'm a TV character, please? I will murder all of you, I swear to fucking God..." Eddie grumped and took a bite of his red shiny apple, chewing a bit before cursing shortly after, loudly.

"What's wrong?" Bill asked looking actually concerned to Richie's disbelief, who was slowly starting to realize that Eddie was the group's baby, naturally spoiled. Richie was used to take care of himself so it was weird to him to watch people being taken care of.



"I just bit my tongue by accident." He whined and took a box of baby wipes from his school bag that was settled between his legs under the table, pressing tightly the tissue on his tongue and hummed softly, then quickly put it on back in the box.

"Eddie, I'm not sure you can put these on your tongue like that." Mike was the first one to comment at Eddie's odd behave, lifting a hand to brush Eddie's hair from his forehead due the fact they were falling on all the shorter boy's face.

"Yeah, they are sterilized, I guess." Bev also commented and waved her hand in a hastily manner. "Kid probably gonna be fine, though."

Eddie sighed, looking exasperated.

"That's exactly my point! I can't let the wound on my mouth be exposed to the germs guys. I'm also eating lunch, so it's like ten times worst!" He squeaked looking down at his half-eaten sandwich and almost untouched apple.

Richie couldn't believe this guy.

"How did you managed to bite your tongue while eating an apple?" Ben grinned, trying to sound curious instead of amused to not piss off Eddie even further.

"I don't fucking know." Eddie mumbled embarrassed then started to check on his nails. "They are so dry." He blurted, sadly. His nails were clearly shining so Richie couldn't help roll his eyes, even though he found it absolutely adorable the pout now forming on the boy's pink mouth.

"They look fine to me." Richie rolled his eyes and bit on his third and last slice of pizza.

"Is that so?" Eddie challenged, turning to his side, so he was face to face with Richie, and he looked like he was about to lecture Richie on how his nails weren't fine because of some motive that Richie honestly could not care more, because he had bigger things to deal at the moment like keep himself from drooling all his chin. The taller boy's sucked his breath between his teeth as an almost instantly

reaction to having this boy face so close to him, being able to look carefully to each detail he had missed before like his little pointed teeth and thick eyelashes, taking in the strawberry scent that more than obviously emanated from him, and...

"What are you looking at?" Eddie asked, impatient, his bickering dying fast on his tongue and being replaced by this defensive tone he almost always used, when he first noticed that Richie was staring at him weirdly.

"Hmm." Richie hummed amused, not feeling self-conscious at all because of Eddie's question, actually enjoying the bitchy attitude he was receiving from this little boy. When people approached Richie, girls most of the time, they were always giggling and touching his arm, never ever someone had before trashed him like that. And now here it was this boy, this moody, cute boy, trying very hard to shut him up from his flirting and jokes with his simply delicious attitude.

Eddie seemed to have found a new way to get away from Richie's jokes, he just ignored him, focusing on finishing his lunch, while he listened to his friends chat but clearly not paying any attention to it. Richie, for once, finally shut his mouth for a while, just staring at Eddie's face. He was also picturing that, when everyone got up to get to their respective class, he would finally be able to see the height difference between him and Eddie, knowing that it will be very noticeable, he was already coming up with short people jokes on his mind. He was wondering if Eddie would slap him on the arm or insult him. Either way, he couldn't wait to find out.

The rest of the group just watched Richie and Eddie's interaction in silence, each one of them getting their own perspective out of it. Bev, knowing Richie for almost three long years, was totally sure that her basket case of a friend wouldn't stop until he hooked up with Eddie, Richie being known by his insistence, and also noticed that Richie was amused, sure, by Eddie but that wasn't all. Her best friend had a curious expression on his face every time Eddie did or said something, remembering her the Richie she used to know, before his crap parents and the honest and cruel world inevitably took away some of his ingenuity, making him tough by adaption. She unfortunately knew that, in the pass, his jokes were made to make people laugh and now, were blurted out constantly without a care

with the solid and only propose to serve as some kind of armor so people couldn't get to his emotional, vulnerable, almost angry side. The side of someone that knew what to be abandoned was and also knew what it is to abandon, even if having no choice. Already had both, crude, at such a young age, the age most things have bigger reactions, ink deeper on skin. Bev didn't know Eddie, being introduced to him just a moment ago by Mike, but if that was Richie's now unconscious choice, Eddie would it be just like a young brother to her no matter what.

"They are also going to the city that never sleeps, Rich." Bev half-joked, finally explaining to Richie why she was so comfortable sitting with this new crew, and smiled widely.

"They are going to see our, oh so damn good, Jon Bon Jovi, just like us?" Richie dramatized, holding his hands together. "You guys wanna go on this so peaceful and magical journey with us, that will probably end up in either some good orgy or suicide?"

Bev, Mike and the blonde, Ben, were laughing their ass off while Bill chuckled, politely, looking at Stan who was currently biting his lips to hold back his laugh.

"You a-are so f-funny, Richie." Bill said, shaking his head. Richie smirked, cocky.

"Do you have an orgy kink or something? You mentioned orgy in two sentences in less than fifteen minutes." Eddie snorted clearly not amused, getting his nose up. He didn't seem to appreciate his friends laughing at Richie's jokes. Richie couldn't wait to have him moaning under him, having all this ice queen act fucked right out of him through breathy moans and...

"No, I don't have an orgy kink." Richie replied and licked his lips, his eyes getting darker. "Although I can truly appreciate such an amazing group act like that, I prefer the same old fuck with only two people involved." He hinted, looking at Eddie's brown eyes hungrily.

Eddie's voice died in his throat, and he looked down at his hands, waiting anxiously for Richie to stop talking like that before he blushed in a pathetic manner in front of all his friends. Richie lifted his

eyebrows now getting that Eddie liked to make rude and snob comments and when got putted in place with intensity he backed down, looking soft and embarrassed. God, Richie just wanted to eat him all up, he was feisty and dainty and was going to be his death.

"Is just simply better to pay attention to only one person at a time, you can make they come harder when payed the right..." Richie added further, now final getting Eddie to choke and blush violently, before being shut down by Bev.

"Stop being such a pervert! We're having fucking lunch, you retarded." She slapped him again, twice harder this time.

"Stop slapping me, woman." Richie said, rubbing his arm, and adjusted his glasses. "I'm sure one of these days you gonna kill me."

"I like you, Richie. You made me stop reading my book to actually listen all the crap you say." Stan said, closing his book, and smiled. "Guess it's not gonna be that bad going to New York with you."

"Wait, they going to the show with us?" Richie's face lighted up, his eyes huge like he had just received a Christmas present he was waiting all year to get.

"Well, Eddie's not going to the show. He just wanna hang out in New York, but the rest of us are definitely going..." Ben explained, giving Eddie a sweet and understanding smile. "Eddie doesn't like crowed places, he says it's easy to get diseases."

"Being close to people's sweat and dirt it's not really my thing." Eddie said, and sighed, his eyebrows frowned. "Besides, I don't think I could get enough alcohol in gel to apply every five minutes."

Richie didn't joke about that just yet. He did thought it was really fucked up that Eddie couldn't enjoy some random thing like a show just because of his obvious hypochondriac condition.

"We could carry the gel it for you, if you want." Bull gently offered, his eyes kind.

"Nah." Eddie tried to laugh it off. "I also really don't want to be brushed constantly against bars and other people. But thanks Billy."

Bill flinched for a second, remembering the way Georgie used to call him, and held back a sob that appeared on his already tight throw. Stan was the only one to notice. Bill usually hide it very well when things like that happen, but maybe Stan was paying more attention to his friend then he supposedly should. He reached to grab Bill's hand under the table, giving him a comforting squeeze. Bill didn't look down at their tangled hands but didn't pull them back either. It was like he was accepting Stan's help without realizing it.

"Also I don't think you would be able to see it very well." Richie crooked a devilish smile, and looked at Eddie. "Don't you think, cutie?"

Eddie gritted his teeth, already knowing where this was going to head.

"And why is that?" He asked in false sweetness and baited his eyelashes, clearly challenging Richie to finish his joke.

"You wouldn't see a fucking thing because you're the size of a hobbit." Richie proudly said, and laughed, like really laughed, clapping hands and all.

"Fuck you." Eddie squeaked, angry and embarrassed at the same time. "I'm not going anywhere with this...with this..."

"Are you okay there, Juliet?" Richie chuckled, making fun of Eddie's loss of words and placed a hand on his heart. "You wound me deeply when you talk like that, y'know?"

"Richie, don't push it." Mike said, shaking his head. "You have to be nice to him."

"I'm being nice!" Richie exclaimed, and finished off his soda with one long gulp then burped right next to Eddie.

"You're disgusting!" That finally seemed to push Eddie over the edge, because the small boy grabbed his tray determined and got up, clearly ready to leave the table. He shot Richie one last icy glare and took off, leaving his tray on the lunch counter before storming out the cafeteria. Richie stared at his ass until he disappeared. He really

wanted a smoke right now.

"Great job, Richie!" Bev was the first one to said something, and she looked like she was ready to strangle him with her bare hands. "We didn't even had the chance to ask him."

"Ask him what?" Richie sounded a little angry now that Eddie has left. He didn't know why, though. Just killed his mood a bit.

"Mike said that since Eddie is not going to the show, he could stay at the hotel with George while we're gone." Bev said and rolled her eyes. "But I doubt he will help us to take care of your fucking dog now."

Yeah, whatever. Richie was not sure if he said that out loud or just thought of doing it.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So that was it guys. I think I traveled to much from humor to angst but that's the beauty of it right? no?  
okay  
richie sometimes has mood swings but he's not bipolar or something like that  
further I will explain why the hell they don't just leave the fucking dog on a dog hotel or something  
Richie just really loves george okay? and doesn't thrust him to strangers  
hope you guys have a good day!  
byee xx

### **Author's Note:**

Hope you guys enjoyed!  
What was your favorite part of the chapter?  
Xx